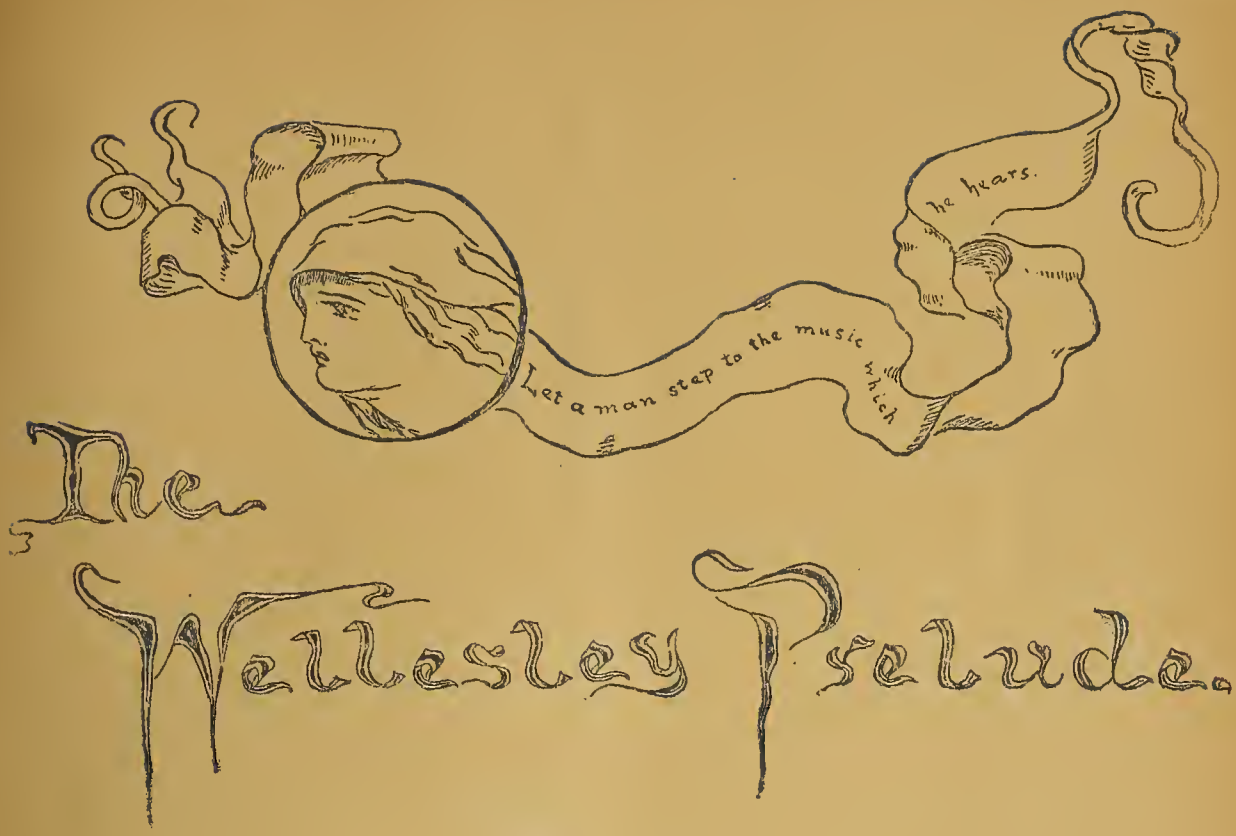


VOLUME II.—No. 9.

CONTENTS.

Editorials, - - *Emily I. Meader*, '91, 115

De Judgement Day, *Katherine Holley*, '93, 116

Self-Confidence, - - - - - - '91. 118

Maggie O'Donovan, - *Sophie L. Thorne, Sp.*, 119

A Hallowe'en Revel, - - *F. C. L.*, '92, 121

News of the Week, - *Blanche B. Baker*, '92, 122

College Notes, - - - - - - - *Cornelia Green*, '92, *and Bertha Brush*, '93, 124

A Little Light Upon the Norumbega Fund, - - - - - *Helen T. Sanborn* '84, 125

Inter-Collegiate News, - *Caroline Frear*, '93, 127

Auld Acquaintance, *Charlotte F. Roberts*, '80, 127

Waban Ripples, *Sarah S. Hickenlooper*, '94, 128

NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

BROWN BROS., Publishers, 43 Lincoln Street, Boston.

REMOVAL.

MRS. A. T. FOGG,

Has Removed her

DRESS REFORM PARLORS

From 5 HAMILTON PLACE to

80 BOYLSTON STREET,

(Next Door to Williams & Everett)

Where she will open OCTOBER 13th, with a complete line of **Dress Reform Undergarments for Ladies and Children,**

—INCLUDING—

Jersey Fitting Union Suits Equipoise Waists, Jenness Miller's Model Bodice, Divided Skirts, Combination Cotton Garments,

In fact all the most approved underwear to order, or ready-made.

6-36

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES

—AT—

"ART PARLORS," 58 WINTER ST.

Manufacturers of Jewelry in *Special Designs.*

GLASS BADGES, PINS and RINGS,
FLORAL SOUVENIR SPOONS,
HEIRO OMS MODERNIZED.

Moonstone, Turquoise, Topaz, Chalcedony Hearts
With Diamond or Plain Mountings.

We recognize the fact that original designs are more appreciated than goods purchased from a stock without personal association.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

A Specialty in Eye Glasses extremely becoming to Wearer.

EYES TESTED.

GEORGE A. PERRY. G. C. FRIEND.

NEW DRUG STORE.

To the Citizens of Natick and Vicinity, the undersigned would most respectfully call your attention to his store in

DOWNS' BLOCK, SO. MAIN ST.,

Recently fitted up, where may be found a full line of

DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

With twemty-five years experience, and a careful attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of your patronage.

All Prescriptions will be Carefully & Accurately Compounded.

CHAS. H. MORSE.

10 Agent, Registered Pharmacist.

MISS HATCH,

Dressmaking and Millinery,

STYLISH AND SATISFACTORY WORK.

STEARN'S BUILDING, 10 TEMPE PACE, BOSTON.

1-18 Elevator, Temple Place.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

OF EVERY DESCRITION.

Mathematical Instruments,

Etching Materials, Etc.

FROST & ADAMS,

F. S. FROST, H. A. LAWRENCE. } 18 37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

A Tonic

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

DR. EPHRAIM BATEMAN, Cedarville, N. J., says:

"I have used it for several years, not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess. For mental exhaustion or overwork it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET FREE.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION:—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk. 4-tf

MISS V. A. MILLS,

CORSETS AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR

MADE TO ORDER.

12 WEST STREET, Rooms 9 & 10.

Over Bigelow & Kennard.

2-36 BOSTON, - - MASS.

DeWOLFE, FISKE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,

The Archway Bookstore,

361 & 365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

1-18 All the New, Popular and Standard Books at Lowest Prices.

GEO. C. KEENAN & CO.

STATIONERS,

32 WEST STREET, Cor. MASON.

Visiting or Invitation Cards Engraved or Written.

5-36 ☞ Send for Discount Tickets which we issue to Students.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

On account of the intended destruction of this building, 31 East 17th Street, (between 4th Ave. and Broadway), where I have been established for many years, my address after May 1st, will be

E. MIRIAM COYRIERE, Teachers' Agency,

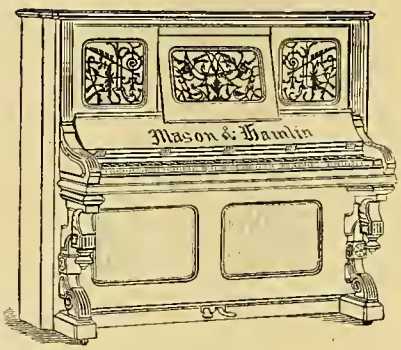
150 Fifth Ave., Cor. 20th St., New York. 29-18

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The MASON & HAMLIN improved method of Stringing, produces remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune.

These Pianos are consequently excellent for Renting.

Sold for Cash or Easy Payments.



100 different Styles of Organs $22 to $1200.

Mason & Hamlin Organs have received Highest Awards at all great world's Exhibitions at which they have been exhibited since 1867.

Organs Rented till Rent pays for them.

CATALOGUES FREE.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN and PIANO CO.,

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

30-y Mason & Hamlin Hall, 154 and 155 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

SPRINGER BROTHERS,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Cloak Manufacturers.

500 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNOR BEDFORD

Carriage Entrance, 10 and 12 BEDFORD STREET,

30-y BOSTON.

We call your attention to the Fine Stock of GLOVES that

MISS M. F. FISK,

44 TEMPLE PLACE,

Is showing in KID, DOG SKIN, SWEDE—in fact anything that a Lady can use in Gloves.

Miss Fisk has added to the attraction of her Store, by opening a counter for **Ice Cream Soda, Hot Bouillon, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea and Milk,** making it very convenient to refresh oneself when shopping.

B. F. BRADBURY,

DRUGGIST,

443 WASHINGTON Cor. WINTER ST.

— DEALER IN —

Fine Drugs, Chemicals and Family Medicines.

SELECT FANCY GOODS AND TOILET ARTICLES,

of every Description.

Especial Attention given to Physician's Prescriptions.
Prompt Attention to Customers. 30 y.

THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 15, 1890. No. 9

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.
CAROLINE FREAR, '93. SARAH S. HICKENLOOPER, '94.
BERTHA DeF. BRUSH, '93. AMY AUGUSTA WHITNEY, Sp.
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

WELLESLEY thoroughly enjoys her Glee Club. The appearance of the Club last Monday evening, or rather, of members of the Club, since it is not yet organized and in practice, roused anew the pride which the whole College feels in it. How did the College get along at all without a College Glee Club? With its complement, the Banjo Club, it is the most delightful of College institutions, an admirable escape-valve for pent-up College enthusiasm.

The Glee Club is delightful always, but it is most charming of all, at least to the Wellesley mind, when the chorus of voices is raised in a Wellesley song. Remember the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience on hearing for the first time "Tupelo" and "Invited by Mistake." And the pleasure does not end with the first hearing. Each successive rendering finds us still as readily amused as before.

Last year decided progress was made toward a future Wellesley Song Book. The Wellesley Songs now number eight, four of which were new last year. The recent ones are "Tupelo," "Invited by Mistake," Wellesley Bells," and the "Medley;" "Alma Mater," "All Hail to the College Beautiful," "Waban Boat Song," and "H_2 SO_4," complete the list. The collection is a very good one,—the only fault to be found with it is that it isn't long enough.

The added interest in the Club, since it has shown what it can do, ought to make the number of songs contributed this year considerably larger than that of last. Those who are musically inclined or who can write verses would do well to direct their attention to this matter. Bright, catching music, adapted to verses of local interest, is not a difficult requirement. Try it, and see if the Glee Club does not present your song at the first concert.

Among the vast number of universities and colleges in the United States—there are nearly four hundred—it is clear that there must be some that do not deserve the name. The greater proportion of the institutions calling themselves universities have none of the facilities and equipment necessary for university grade of work. Confusion in the higher educational department is the inevitable result. The same degree of A. B. does not denote the same amount of work in all cases. In an article on "The Future of American Universities" by Andrew D. White in the October number of *The North American Review*, the difficulties of the present system are discussed, and a remedy offered. By Dr. White's plan all the smaller institutions would become intermediate colleges, forming the connecting link between the public schools and the real universities. The work of the universities would then begin with the work of the Junior year under the present system, furnishing either general training or professional or technical education. The intermediate colleges

would embrace the work of the last two years of the high school course and of the Freshman and Sophomore years of the present college course, corresponding to tee German gymnasia and the English schools of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. Then our finely equipped universities, relieved of immense Freshman and Sophomore classes, would be free to do real university work. The intermediate colleges,not needing the higher facilities,would fit students well for the universities or for life outside the college. An important consideration in regard to this scheme is that the age when a young man is turned out into the world would be a good deal lessened. A student entering the college at thirteen or fourteen would be graduated into the university at seventeen or eighteen and take his final degree at twenty or twenty-one, five years earlier than the average student now learning the professional schools. The movement is in line with the proposed three years' course at Harvard, and points to the progress already on foot in our educational system.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

"You, dere Liza, ef'n yer don' hurry up an' bring dem dishes hyear, I'll come an' knock yer clean in ter de middle er nev' week.,,

The family, who were in the sitting-room having their Sunday morning chat, being accustomed to these mild expostulations on the part of the cook, only smiled when they heard them, but the loud crash that followed, brought them quickly to the door.

There, in the midst of a chaos of broken china, stood a little "darkie" of about fourteen summers, clad in a home-spun dress, much too short both in the skirt and sleeves. Her complexion was of the purest Ethiopian dye. Her usually wide open mouth was at present closed in astonishment, and her usually expressionless eyes were dibated with fear.

However during the "How could you be so careless!" "How did it happen?" and "How did you do it?" which followed, Liza's terror somewhat abeted, and suddenly a broad grin lightened up her clouded countenance and she said, "Lor, Miss Anna, dere's s'mo' in de closet." Reproof was useless. Even Mammy considered it so for she forgot to use the switch, which she had brought upon the scene.

The family hastily withdrew to the sitting-room, where they could indulge in laughter unrestrained. 'Liza lingered long among the dishes, or rather among the remnants of dishes, wondering why Mammy didn't even scold her for breaking a whole pile of dishes, when she had once beat her for breaking just one little cup.

'Lizas reasoning powers had as yet not been developed, so she only wondered and came to no conclusions. Mammy however took care that Liza lost no opportunity for improving her faculties, morally at any rate, for every Sunday morning she would scour Liza's black face till it fairly shone, and would help her into her best dress and stiff white apron, and send her off to Sunday School.

Owing to the morning's catastrophe she was later than usual in getting off and when she reached the "meetin' house," she found all the negroes standing around in groups, in the doorway and under the trees outside. The old ones with most solemn countenance nodded wisely to each other while the younger ones were talking in the most excited manner.

"Dere ain't er gwine ter be no sarmon in de pulpit, terday Pars'n Dan'l's gwine ter preach at de creek, an' dere's gwine ter be a big Baptizin, yer better go 'Liza," said one of Liza's companions.

Something inside whispered, "You haven't asked Mammy," but then all the little nigs kept calling, "Hurry up, Liza, or yer won' git dar on time," so that Liza didn't think of mammy again, but hurried along with the enthusiastic crowd that was following "Bre'r Dan'l" down to the creek.

The banks of the creek were already lined with negroes who had come from miles around to the baptizing.

After the singing of a hymn, and a prayer, Brer Dan'l preached an interesting sermon and ended by exhorting them all to come and be baptized, for as he said, "Bredren an' sistren yer dun no when de Lord's gwine fur ter call yer, so yer'd better leab yer sinnin' an' come ter de Lord. Pray an' sing ter de salvation in de Lord! Don' put hit off till ter-morrer but do hit now, fur yer dunno when de angle Gabr'e'l's gwine ter blow de

horn. Den de sinners, w'at ain't 'pented an' bin baptized is gwine ter far pooty hard, fur de Lord he aint gwine ter take no 'xcuses on de las' day, dat he aint. So ye bredren an' likewise ye sistren, w'at am already in de church raise up er chune, while de sinners w'at's made up dere mines ter tu'n ter de Lord, come down hyear along o' me in de creek."

Whereupon a fine negro voick "struck up," the whole congregation joining:

"Oh, leab de wood's uv damnation;
Come out in de field uv salvation;
Fur de Lord's gwine ter bu'n up creation
W'en de day uv jedgment come.

Oh, monahs, you may stan' dar er weepie'
Fur de brooms uv de Lord is er sweepin',
An' all de trash dey's er heapin'
Outside de golden gate.

So sinners, yer'd better be er tu'nin,
Er climbin' an' erescramblin' an er runnin',
Fur ter 'scape dat drefful bu'nnin'
In de awful jedgment day."

While the hymn was being sung, Brer Dan'l descended into the stream, and the people gathered nearer the banks. Some were crying, some shouting "Glory!" some praying aloud some exhorting the sinners, some shrieking and screaming, and above all Brer Dan'l could be heard halloing from the middle of the creek, "Bring 'em on. All uv yer come, come, come ter de Lord!"

All this made a deep impression on Liza and when she saw some of her own companions lifted into the stream of "livin water," her first impulse was to follow. Then she thought, "I's got on my Sunday bes' dress an' ef'n I git hit wet, Mammy will near 'bout kill me. Let'n lone dat, de Jedgment day aint er gwine ter come terday nohow." So she remained behind watching the negroes going in, brave and happy, and coming out, dejected, cold and shivering.

So engrossed were the negroes in "gettin' 'ligion" that nobody noticed the black clouds gathering above till suddenly a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a loud crash of thunder, brought them to this world again.

Shouts of "De Jedgment day!" "De Lord's sent his jedgment on us!" and "Lordy mussy, don' yer hyear de horn?" heightened the confusion already made by the mammies running about, like distracted hens, to find their little ones and gather them under their protecting wings and flee for safety.

There was no one to look after Liza, no one to help her, no one to comfort her. She was alone in her terror and fear, but she followed the others, running as fast as she could away from the judgment day.

It was so dark, and the wind blew sand into her eyes, and it began to rain so hard that she could not see, so she ran blindly on, stumbling over rocks, running into black-berry vines, weeping bitterly the while, until at last, from sheer exhaustion, she sank down under a big rock here to rest. Oh, dear how tired and hungry she was! Would she ever get home! What would Mammy say? This last thought made Liza jump and start on with renewed courage, but with a most terrified expression on her tear-besmeared face.

When she reached the town, it had ceased to rain and the sun was setting gloriously in the west.

Poor Liza ran faster and faster till she came in sight of her own home, the little log cabin at the end of the street. Surely there was some one standing in the door! Could it be Mammy? Yes, and she had something in her hand. A switch. Perhaps the same one she forgot to use in the morning.

There was no need for Liza to walk more slowly. She must reach the house sometime. There was no need for her to look at her starchless, muddy apron, and her Sunday best dress all in rags, for Mammy would see them and her soon enough.

Yes, Mammy had already spied her for she was calling, "You, dere, 'Liza, yer'd better come erlong hyear, you onstrefferous nigger you!"

Liza walked more slowly, but when at last she did reach the door, she was grabbed by the collar and dragged into the room.

The switch fell in quick succession of blows upon her back, accompanied by this volley of words.

"Whais yer bin all dis time anyhow? I tought I sent yer ter Sunday School ter git obstrucksion, and hyear yer bin er gwine ter baptizin's; yer lazy, good-fur-noffin creater yer, trying ter git out er yer work. Yer don' desarve er eddication. Hit'll be a cold day in July 'fore I 'low yer ter go ergin."

After Mammy had exhausted her strength in

sions. As her friends advance in life they always look from five to ten years younger than when she last saw them. Her mistress, who is the wife of a minister, once received a visit from a friend whose husband also was a clergyman. After her departure, Maggie asked: "Is Mrs. R's husband a minister?" "Yes." "I niver would have thought it; she is very plain for a minister's wife." It was a few moments before the subtle flattery in this was duly appreciated.

But she has her own marked individuality apart from national traits. She does not live a month with one family, a week with another, and over night with the next. Her thirty years of service have all been given to two families, the first of whom she remembers and quotes with affectionate, sometimes unnecessary zeal, as when she informs her present Mistress that "Mrs. D. did not have her napkins folded this way."

In her last place she has for eighteen years shown unwearied devotion, and ever growing attachment, and the family knows no truer friend. Hers is no eye service, but the service of love, and the life-giving spirit which animates all her work, places the humble serving-woman among those who are are greatest because they minister. Did you ever look into the eyes of a big dog who is taking care of the baby? or a good old horse who has some unusually responsible work given him to do? Then you know the faithful expression that was in Maggie's eyes, when for ten weeks the house was saddened and darkened by sickness, and she had to manage the rudder, and ply the oars. Need I tell you that she brought the vessel safely through the stormy waters?

Maggie is decidedly a social being. She talks for the sake of talking; and when she can find no one else to listen, she talks to herself. Her range of subjects is somewhat limited, and not always well-adapted to her companion. A visitor at the house, who chances to invade her precincts, is liable to be asked when she—Maggie—would best put the "mate" in the oven; an operation she has successfully and without supervision performed at least five hundred times. The visitor may also be asked whether the potatoes shall be fried or stewed, although for eighteen years, fried potatoes have not once been allowed in the house.

Maggie's character, as well as her conversational topics, has its limitations, many of which are the direct result of environment. One of her best points is honesty. She would not take a thing that did not belong to her for any consideration. If she injures the property of any one, she is unhappy till able to repair the damage. But she does not hesitate to bribe a child with the promise of some future reward that she knows is impossible, nor to frighten him into right conduct with stories of bears and ghosts. If she had any idea that this was akin to dishonesty, she would never do it, but her moral consciousness does not extend into this borderland.

Another of Maggie's limitations is seen in her economy. She saves for her mistress as she would save for herself. Not a crumb nor a drop is ever wasted. But she cannot learn that a wise economy would burn an additional shovelful of coal rather than waste time, strength and patience, nor that it would be well to let the iceman leave extra ice on a very warm day, in order to prevent the destruction of everything in the refrigerator.

Such a character, with its strength curbed by limitation, must sometimes reveal the weakness of obstinacy; and if Maggie once "sets her foot down," as she would say, not even the parson himself, whom she reveres, can make her take it up again. Her determination then is as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She once made up her mind that raisins are unwholesome; and the next time plum pudding was ordered for dinner, it appeared on the table, minus the plums. When asked for an explanation, she replied: "I did not want to murther ye's in cold blood." The week following, plum pudding was again ordered with the special request for raisins. Just as dinner was being served, Maggie announced: "There wasn't no plums in the house, mum." So a supply was provided, and after a few days another order for plum pudding went forth. Shortly before dinner Maggie appeared with a most innocent expression, and the information that the raisins were nowhere to be found; she was sure that there was not one in the pantry, and so she had made the pudding without. Those raisins never came to light, but it was not difficult

to account for a strange odor of something burning, that had been noticed the day before. Finally, Maggie's Mistress said that she was *going to have a plum pudding*. So she made it herself, filled it with plums and put it in the oven. When the first course had been removed from the table, Maggie appeared, flushed, and with a triumphant little sparkle in her eyes, bearing a pudding burnt black as a coal. Plum pudding is an unknown luxury in that family to this day.

Do you see in Maggie only an efficient, somewhat eccentric servant-girl? Then you know her as the world knows her. But to those who know her better, her field of action, is the kitchen, truly; but her abiding place, their hearts.

Sophie L. Thorn, Sp.

A HALLOW E'EN REVEL.

Prologue.

I lay in my bed at midnight,
"Horizontal between the sheets,"
While my brave little clock on the mantel
Struck twelve of its silvery beats.

The great cold moon rose swiftly
From a couch cloud-hung with grey;
Then flashed to my chamber a summons
On the wings of a white-robed ray.

I sped to the banks of Waban,
And lo! all the midnight air
Was a-tremble with rushing spirits,
And the tumult was everywhere!

They crowded about me, they seized me;
They shrieked, they muttered, they moaned,
"We might in our graves now be resting,
Were it not for *one* sin unatoned!

"We have been uncontrolable spirits,
Proud roamers from clime to clime.
And we've utterly scorned Wellesley College,—
Up to the present time.

"We beg, we beseech, we *implore* you—
Grant us now but the chance to repent,—
Through all the long hours of All Saints' eve
We would in yonr service be spent!"

In my terror, I answered them nothing;
I turned me straightway to flee;
I thought I escaped them, but look you!
They've come as they threatened, you see!

The Dance of the Goblins.
(Music from Fra Diavola.)

"Ha! Ha! We have come—mad Diavolo's band!
We have come, we have come at his royal command;
For the spirits of ocean and fire and air
Have winged us the call that he sent everywhere.

"O'er the length and the breadth of the land are we come;
From the craggy-topped mountain, the fierce panther's home,
Where the flash of the lightning in death-dealing stroke,
Drives straight to the heart of the rugged old oak.

"We have come from the emerald caves of the deep.
Where the feathery cradles of moss lull to sleep
The nymphs of the ocean, when wearied with play,
The sunny-faced children of Neptune the grey.

"We have come from the northland of ice and of snow,
Where the avalanche-thunder rolls distant and low,
And the desolate pine reaches out to the sky,
For friendship appealing, as winter draws nigh.

"Far, far in the forest, the hugh python crawls.
We have mocked at his hate: we have mimicked the calls
Of the lost, in their terror, and led them astray,
Then crouched in the darkness to watch their dismay.

"O'er the sands of the desert, we've hung in the sky
Oases of rest to the traveller's eye,
Then, 'Haste thee!' we whispered, 'Nor stay in despair,
Thy home lies before thee, thy loved ones are there!'

"And when the black tempest swoops down to embrace
Some wanderlng goblin, he wins the wild race;
Through a cleft in a rock, or a rift iu the sand,
He flies to his home in Diavolo's land.

"The winter wind whistles, when close by his side,
Gay comrades in travel, the bold goblins ride;
The soft summer moon-light smiles back from the brook,
When a goblin drows near in its sweet face to look."

* * * * * *

Waltz.

O hear the sweet lily-bells down in the dell!
We dance to their swaying, we know the tune well;
The swift footed hours long ago stole away
Our treasures, and only the echo, to-day,
Is left of the silver-toned voices that fall
In our ears: we obey them; we answer the call;
We follow; we yield our mad will, to be pressed
To the great mother-heart of the earth—and to rest.

F. C. L., '92

sions. As her friends advance in life they always look from five to ten years younger than when she last saw them. Her mistress, who is the wife of a minister, once received a visit from a friend whose husband also was a clergyman. After her departure, Maggie asked: "Is Mrs. R's husband a minister?" "Yes." "I niver would have thought it; she is very plain for a minister's wife." It was a few moments before the subtle flattery in this was duly appreciated.

But she has her own marked individuality apart from national traits. She does not live a month with one family, a week with another, and over night with the next. Her thirty years of service have all been given to two families, the first of whom she remembers and quotes with affectionate, sometimes unnecessary zeal, as when she informs her present Mistress that "Mrs. D. did not have her napkins folded this way."

In her last place she has for eighteen years shown unwearied devotion, and ever growing attachment, and the family knows no truer friend. Hers is no eye service, but the service of love, and the life-giving spirit which animates all her work, places the humble serving-woman among those who are are greatest because they minister. Did you ever look into the eyes of a big dog who is taking care of the baby? or a good old horse who has some unusually responsible work given him to do? Then you know the faithful expression that was in Maggie's eyes, when for ten weeks the house was saddened and darkened by sickness, and she had to manage the rudder, and ply the oars. Need I tell you that she brought the vessel safely through the stormy waters?

Maggie is decidedly a social being. She talks for the sake of talking; and when she can find no one else to listen, she talks to herself. Her range of subjects is somewhat limited, and not always well-adapted to her companion. A visitor at the house, who chances to invade her precincts, is liable to be asked when she—Maggie—would best put the "mate" in the oven; an operation she has successfully and without supervision performed at least five hundred times. The visitor may also be asked whether the potatoes shall be fried or stewed, although for eighteen years, fried potatoes have not once been allowed in the house.

Maggie's character, as well as her conversational topics, has its limitations, many of which are the direct result of environment. One of her best points is honesty. She would not take a thing that did not belong to her for any consideration. If she injures the property of any one, she is unhappy till able to repair the damage. But she does not hesitate to bribe a child with the promise of some future reward that she knows is impossible, nor to frighten him into right conduct with stories of bears and ghosts. If she had any idea that this was akin to dishonesty, she would never do it, but her moral consciousness does not extend into this borderland.

Another of Maggie's limitations is seen in her economy. She saves for her mistress as she would save for herself. Not a crumb nor a drop is ever wasted. But she cannot learn that a wise economy would burn an additional shovelful of coal rather than waste time, strength and patience, nor that it would be well to let the iceman leave extra ice on a very warm day, in order to prevent the destruction of everything in the refrigerator.

Such a character, with its strength curbed by limitation, must sometimes reveal the weakness of obstinacy; and if Maggie once "sets her foot down," as she would say, not even the parson himself, whom she reveres, can make her take it up again. Her determination then is as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She once made up her mind that raisins are unwholesome; and the next time plum pudding was ordered for dinner, it appeared on the table, minus the plums. When asked for an explanation, she replied: "I did not want to murther ye's in cold blood." The week following, plum pudding was again ordered with the special request for raisins. Just as dinner was being served, Maggie announced: "There wasn't no plums in the house, mum." So a supply was provided, and after a few days another order for plum pudding went forth. Shortly before dinner Maggie appeared with a most innocent expression, and the information that the raisins were nowhere to be found; she was sure that there was not one in the pantry, and so she had made the pudding without. Those raisins never came to light, but it was not difficult

to account for a strange odor of something burning, that had been noticed the day before. Finally, Maggie's Mistress said that she was *going to have a plum pudding*. So she made it herself, filled it with plums and put it in the oven. When the first course had been removed from the table, Maggie appeared, flushed, and with a triumphant little sparkle in her eyes, bearing a pudding burnt black as a coal. Plum pudding is an unknown luxury in that family to this day.

Do you see in Maggie only an efficient, somewhat eccentric servant-girl? Then you know her as the world knows her. But to those who know her better, her field of action, is the kitchen, truly; but her abiding place, their hearts.

Sophie L. Thorn, Sp.

A HALLOW E'EN REVEL.

Prologue.

I lay in my bed at midnight,
"Horizontal between the sheets,"
While my brave little clock on the mantel
Struck twelve of its silvery beats.

The great cold moon rose swiftly
From a couch cloud-hung with grey;
Then flashed to my chamber a summons
On the wings of a white-robed ray.

I sped to the banks of Waban,
And lo! all the midnight air
Was a-tremble with rushing spirits,
And the tumult was everywhere!

They crowded about me, they seized me;
They shrieked, they muttered, they moaned,
"We might in our graves now be resting,
Were it not for *one* sin unatoned!

"We have been uncontrolable spirits,
Proud roamers from clime to clime.
And we've utterly scorned Wellesley College,—
Up to the present time.

"We beg, we beseech, we *implore* you—
Grant us now but the chance to repent,—
Through all the long hours of All Saints' eve
We would in yonr service be spent!"

In my terror, I answered them nothing;
I turned me straightway to flee;
I thought I escaped them, but look you!
They've come as they threatened, you see!

The Dance of the Goblins.
(Music from Fra Diavola.)

"Ha! Ha! We have come—mad Diavolo's band!
We have come, we have come at his royal command;
For the spirits of ocean and fire and air
Have winged us the call that he sent everywhere.

"O'er the length and the breadth of the land are we come;
From the craggy-topped mountain, the fierce panther's home,
Where the flash of the lightning in death-dealing stroke,
Drives straight to the heart of the rugged old oak.

"We have come from the emerald caves of the deep.
Where the feathery cradles of moss lull to sleep
The nymphs of the ocean, when wearied with play,
The sunny-faced children of Neptune the grey.

"We have come from the northland of ice and of snow,
Where the avalanche-thunder rolls distant and low,
And the desolate pine reaches out to the sky,
For friendship appealing, as winter draws nigh.

"Far, far in the forest, the hugh python crawls.
We have mocked at his hate: we have mimicked the calls
Of the lost, in their terror, and led them astray,
Then crouched in the darkness to watch their dismay.

"O'er the sands of the desert, we've hung in the sky
Oases of rest to the traveller's eye,
Then, 'Haste thee!' we whispered, 'Nor stay in despair,
Thy home lies before thee, thy loved ones are there!'

"And when the black tempest swoops down to embrace
Some wanderlng goblin, he wins the wild race;
Through a cleft in a rock, or a rift iu the sand,
He flies to his home in Diavolo's land.

"The winter wind whistles, when close by his side,
Gay comrades in travel, the bold goblins ride;
The soft summer moon-light smiles back from the brook,
When a goblin drows near in its sweet face to look."

* * * * * *

Waltz.

O hear the sweet lily-bells down in the dell!
We dance to their swaying, we know the tune well;
The swift footed hours long ago stole away
Our treasures, and only the echo, to-day,
Is left of the silver-toned voices that fall
In our ears: we obey them; we answer the call;
We follow; we yield our mad will, to be pressed
To the great mother-heart of the earth—and to rest.

F. C. L., '92

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Nov. 9, Rev. Edward Abbott, of Cambridge, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Matthew 1: 21, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

* * *

Prof. Niles gave the first of his course of lectures on Physical Geography, in the Chapel, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 29. Though this course of lectures treats of subjects not popularly considered, they cannot fail to interest any college student, as the purpose of the lecture shows. It is "to trace the relation which exists between the earth and its inhabitants." The subject of the lecture was "Plains." Prof. Niles said that the best way to define a plain was to compare it with mountainous regions. It is not a petfectly level surface, but one which presents comparatively little unevenness. Studying plains as they exist in all parts of the world, their seemingly monotonous uniformity becomes interesting diversity in surface, soil, vegetation and animals. As to the distribution of plains, they are found to extend parallel to the mountain axes of the earth. This fact has an important bearing upon political divisions of the earth's inhabitants. Distinctions between nations are permanently kept by mountain boundaries; but there will be strife between two peoples occupying the same plain, without a distinct natural boundary between them: France and Germany offer an example of this. Plains may originate in three ways: by the levelling agency of streams, by which hills are levelled and the material from them spread out in valleys; by the filling of lake basins; and by the draining of lakes by outlets. Plains formed in the last named way are usually very fertile. The influence which plains have upon life was illustrated by an example of the chipmunk of the mountains, and the chipmunk of the plains. The stripes of the mountain squirrel are much brighter in color than those of the squirrel of the plains; their habits also differ. The cause of these changes is the greater exposure to the open air and sunlight in the one case, than in the other. If these little animals show this effect, why should not man also? On the plain, which is open to the sky, man learns to associate his fancies with the changes in lights and shadows, and hence come his ideas of light and darkness in the future life. Civilization does not develop so well on a plain surface as in a diversified region. The highest intellectual development is found among rugged hills and deep valleys, but when civilization passes from the diversified surface to the plains, then the greater natural advantages of the plains become powerful agents of progress. Great centres of activity spring up on these broad level expanses. A very striking example of this fact may be seen in the Great Central Plain of our own America, where an Eastern man can hardly credit the stories of the mushroom growth of cities. Though plains are usually the most productive regions, there are great tracts of land now unproductive for the lack of water. Here is a great opportunity for systematic and laborious enterprise to promote civilization. Almost the whole of the interior of Australia depends largely for its future upon the bringing into it of water, by means of artesian wells. Thus plains effect the material development of the world, and upon this depends social and moral progress.

* * *

On Thursday afternoon, Nov. 6, from three to five o'clock, an informal talk was given at the fifth floor centre by Major Dane, an American gentleman who has been travelling during the past four years in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, and who will lecture about these countries this winter, in America. On the floor of the centre several maps were spread, and the tables were covered with large photographs of all kinds of scenery, from towering mountains of snow or an enormous geyser in action, to a feathery fern-brake or a group of ostriches. Major Dane spoke first of Tasmania. He showed photographs of the prison at Port Arthur, where the scene of the book, "For the Term of his Natural Life" is laid, and gave a description of the prison; then passed on to the terrible eruption of Mt. Serawera in New Zealand, which occurred in June, 1886. The village of Wairoa was completely buried by the mud which fell over a circuit of thirty or forty miles from Mt. Sarawera, varying in depth from eight to two hundred feet. The whole face of the country was changed from paradise to desert, in a night. The region about Terawera abounds in hot lakes, where the deposit of pink and white silica, made by the water overflowing its basin, resembles the finest workmanship in white marble. The warm water of these lakes makes an inviting bath for the natives. In smaller, hotter basins, or "hot holes," they do their simple cooking. Sometimes a "hot hole" unexpectedly "goes off"; then woe to the unlucky man who has just stooped over it to set in a dinner to boil. A photograph of Osborne College in the centre of Tasmania, removed any rising doubt as to whether civilization and progress were crowded out, amid the luxuriance of nature. Major Dane told his audience that the mythical Botany Bay was real, and worthy of its name. There, just below Sidney, Australia, is held every year, in the botanical gardens, a fine exhibition of the flora of the surrounding country, and from it come to Europe and America many of our prized exotics. Many of the trees found in "the bush" in these countries, rival the red-woods of California. The largest is the cowrie, a species of

pine. The "Christmas-tree" is covered with scarlet blossoms at Christmas-time, the summer of that climate. The glaciers of New Zealand are enormous; the width of the Francis Joseph alone is greater than the length of the Mer de Glace in Switzerland. In south-eastern Australia are found many volcanic craters, which are gradually becoming lakes. One crater that was a sheep-fold several years ago, has now thirty feet of water in its basin. Everything grows luxuriantly in these countries, every variety of climate is found there, all sorts of mineral deposits have been discovered; there is everything wonderful and inspiring to see, and Major Dane has fired many with an ambition to explore this wonder-land for themselves.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 8, Mlle. Pellissier gave the third lecture in the course on "Romance Mediæval Literature." Her subject was, "Romances of the Round Table." During the struggles in Britain, when the Britains were confined to the western and south-western part of the island, there originated many legends. The wandering bards related these legends, then played on their harps, and finally ended by reciting poems founded on the legends. These poems are called lays; they are the origin of the Romances of the Round Table, and were composed at the time when French was spoken in England. When the Normans conquered England, they became interested in the legends of the people. There were two sources of these legends: one through the so-called historical facts, the other through the lays. Most of the lays, however, were composed in France, and the best were written by Chrestien de Troyes. He worked under the influence of Marie de France, daughter of Eleanor of Acquitaine and Louis VII. of France. Eleanor afterwards married Henry II. of England, and consequently Marie de France passed part of her life in England. Later Marie married a Count of Champagne, and at their court, Chrestien learned from her the graceful poetry of the troubadours, which she had heard while in England. Chrestien converted these English lays into romances. By changing the rude British heroes into noble knights, he accomplished the transformation begun by her. (This Marie de France, an authoress of lays, must not be confounded with the other Marie de France, of whom we have recently spoken.) Among Chrestien's works are Launcelot of the Lake, Ivan, Perceval and many others, but the best work on Tristan has been lost, much to our sorrow. His style is peculiar, and he keeps his readers long in suspense in exciting parts. His poem, Perceval, was left unfinished, at the part in which Perceval was in a palace, and was just looking at a mysterious vessel, about which he asked no questions. Many writers have tried to take up the thread of the story at this point, and solve the mystery of this vessel; but no one seems to have had the same ideas as did Chrestien. About this time, in the reign of Charlemagne, there originated the legend of the Mysterious Graal, when the body of Joseph of Arimathea was brought to France, and with it the Holy Graal, in which had been the blood which flowed from Christ's wounds, and in which Pilot had washed his hands after the condemnation of Christ. Joseph's body was stolen and carried to England, and with it the legend of the Holy Graal. To Chrestien's works, Tennyson and many other writers have had direct resource.

* * *

On Monday evening, Nov. 10, an entertainment was given in the Chapel for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. Every one was eager to lend her support to this object, and a well filled chapel greeted the performers of the evening. Wellesley's Glee Club, under the able leadership of Miss Frost, opened the program with "All Hail to the College Beautiful." In response to a hearty encore, the Club made the Chapel ring by a double rendering of the college cheer. The Glee Club has lately filled its vacant place with voices carefully chosen and well fitted to their parts, and it has every reason to anticipate a successful career during the coming months Mr. Childs, representing the Phonograph Co., of Bostion, then gave an exhibition of the phonograph, which played the most prominent part in the program of the evening. He gave first a brief interesting hisiory of the instrument and its mechanism. This, he said, was the improved Edison Phonograph, at the appearence of which, two years ago, Mr. Edison's wonderful invention was first put into practical use. It was interesting to learn that the secret of the phonograph lies in the composition of the wax used in the diaphragm, whose constituents no chemist has been able to analyze, and the secret of which is held only by those in the Edison laboratory. The cylinder was now attached, and the "Carnival of Venice" on the cornet, was given; "Sally in our Alley," a tenor solo by Mr. Henry Pepper; and "Old Kentucky Home" on the banjo. All of these were well reproduced and extremely entertaining. The program was then varied by a unique rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" by Mrs. Hadley, of Boston; after which the phonograph gave the inspiring strains of "Marching through Georgia;" the plaintive air of "Blue Bells of Scotland;" and a peal of hearty laughter, which proved so irresistible that one and all joined in it, in spite of themselves. Next, Brown's Lullabye was exquisitely sung by the Glee Club, and it was only after prolonged applause that the audience succeeded in obtaining a repetition of the melody. One of the best pieces of the evening, given by the instrument on display, was a whistling solo. It was so clear and true that it was hard to realize the whistler himself was not there.

A piccolo solo, followed by one on the cornet, closed the phonographic part of the entertainment. The grand finale was "The Students of Salamanca," by the Glee Club. Although not given for the first time, the loud applause it received shows that it will always be a favorite with Wellesley,—and indeed the many listeners outside Wellesley were as enthusiastic as the rest. The Norumbega Fund has received the substantial aid of about seventy dollars from this entertainment.

* * *

On Monday, Nov. 3, the Domestic Economy class met at the Institute of Technology to inspect the system of ventilation used there. Prof. Woodbridge first gave a short stereopticon talk, explaining the principles of their system, and showing the class what they were to look for in the inspection. The fresh air is drawn in through several large windows in the basement, and over a great coil of steam pipes, by a huge fan, that also forces it down into a sub-basement or air-chamber, extending under the whole building. The fresh, but warm air is then forced by the constant action of the fan up through flues in the walls. These flues are so placed and used that each room has one or more large inlets for fresh, warm air, and, in addition, the foul air is drawn out through other flues and carried away. Sometimes the same flue is used for both purposes, by putting in it a horizontal partition. So that if it is used as a fresh air flue to a lower story, it can be used as an outlet flue the rest of the way. Thus the building is constantly filled with pure, warm air, and then is as constantly carried away as soon as it becomes vitiated. Very many systems of ventilation furnish fresh air, but few provide the more necessary requisite, an outlet for foul air.

In another of the buildings, as it was impossible to build so many flues, they were each divided by a diaphragm running diagonally from the first floor to the roof. Thus the flue can be used at the same time for the two kinds of air, the division being on the principle that more good air would be needed at the first floor, because there, the flue would carry the air for all the floors, and less and less room would be needed for it the nearer the roof, and at the same time, more and more room would be needed for the vitiated air.

The class found that these systems worked very well indeed, and felt that the inspection was not only interesting, but extremely useful.

I'm in love, there's no question about it,
I could prove it so no one would doubt it;
But I'd rather not try,
For by nature I'm shy,
So wont you believe me without it?

T. K., '91.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Rev. Alvah Hovey, of Newton Centre, will preach in the Chapel on Sunday, November twenty-third.

Prof. Niles will give a lecture on "The Distribution of Rain and Human Life," in his regular course, on Wednesday, November 19, at four o'clock, in the Physical Lecture Room.

Prof. Cohn will give the fifth lecture in the course on "Romance Mediaeval Literature," Saturday, Nov. 22, at four o'clock, in the Chapel. His subject will be "Provensal Literature; The Troubadours."

The Tennis Tournament is almost finished; only a few more matches are left to be played.

The recent matches are as follows:—

For the first prize in doubles:—Misses Carter and Blakeslee vs. Misses Bailey and Wilkinson: won by Misses Bailey and Wilkinson 6—2, 9—7. This match was particularly close and exciting; the last set was said to be the best tennis ever played at Wellesley. For the second prize in doubles:—Misses Winslow and Feeny vs. Misses Carter and Blakeslee; won by Misses Carter and Blakeslee 6—2, —4. For first prize in singles:—Miss Thayer vs. Miss Wilkinson; won by Miss Wilkinson 8—6, 6—4. This match was hotly contested, and was won only after a hard fight. The two players were so closely matched that the outcome was uncertain even to the end.

Miss Laura Jones gave an interesting talk to the Sophomores, last Sunday evening, in Stone Hall Parlor, on the mission work in the tenement houses in New York. Miss Jones has had six years' experience among the people of this class, and inspired much enthusiasm for the work, among her hearers.

The plank walks are down, and winter is supposed to have come. This, however, is the only sign of winter noticeable as yet. "Thump, thump,—late to Chapel" "thump, thump,—have you learned it?"

Miss Katharine Brainard and Miss Emmeline Bennett, '93, have been obliged to leave College for a time, on account of ill health.

Waban opened its hospitable doors to the Specials last Saturday. Miss Knox, and Miss Maud Mason, the president of the Special Organization, received the guests, who came in full force. They sipped delicious chocolate and nibbled dainty cakes, while Miss Mabel Stone played to them most delightfully. The affair lasted through the afternoon and evening, and it was very slowly and reluctantly that the guests at last departed.

Miss Edna Hedges, '90, has been spending several days at Norumbega this past week.

Miss Garnet Isabel Pelton, '92, spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week at Wood. She expects to spend this winter in Colorado, but hopes to return to Wellesley later, to graduate with '92.

Miss Burritt, of the Class of '92 at Smith College, visited Miss Clara Walton, '92, at Wood last Sunday.

Miss Katharine Quint, '89, preceptress at Burwick Academy, Maine, spent last Sunday at Freeman.

The Seniors at Norumbega who take Miss Curriers' course in Voice Culture, have been practising so faithfully that they have been invited to go to the laundry, far removed from the hearing of men. Every night, just after seven o'clock, unearthly howls and shrieks may be heard rising from the lower regions. Harry, the Norumbega "man," became somewhat stirred up by these sounds, proceeding he knew not whence. One evening he spoke confidentially to Mrs. Newman, and requested her to come into the kitchen. "Listen," he said, "d'ye hear them noises? That 'ere dog begins to howl nigh onto this time every evening."

One night last week, the inmates of Wood were awakened by pitiful moans and cries from outside. When the family descended the next morning, they found a tiny kitten, with its eyes hardly open, calling for its lost mother. They took it in, and it is now an honorary member of the cottage, making a charming addition to the charming family already there.

It seems to be the fashion now, among certain of the prudent students, to go without hats in all sorts of weather. To the unlearned and ignorant, this might seem anything but prudent; but those who are initiated into the secret know that by this means, the fatal result of the "higher education," that of growing gray before their time, is surely and absolutely prevented.

On Friday evening, Nov. 7, Miss Helen Pierce and Miss Alice Emerson, the president and vice-president of the Shakespeare Society, entertained the members of the Society in a most delightful way, at Norumbega. After receiving their guests in the reception-room, the hostess led the way into Miss Shafer's study, which had been thrown open for the evening, and which looked like a great spider's web. For, hanging from the chandelier in tangled festoons, were yards and yards of pink and blue cord, which crossed and recrossed over tables and under chairs, disappeared behind doors, and climbed over pictures, in a most distracting way. It was said that each thread, if followed, would prove a magic one, holding at the end a scroll on which the character of the seeker was described. This it did, in a most startling way, as many found when the little quotations at the end were read. After all the threads had been disentangled, Miss Pierce appeared with what seemed to be two enormous bowls of lettuce leaves, but which investigation showed to be simply leaves of green tissue paper with quotations attached, to be assigned each to its author. At first it seemed impossible to guess correctly, but finally, after the most ridiculous blunders had been made, ideas slid into their proper places, and it was found to be not so hard. Miss Hodgkins guessed the greatest number, and received a bunch of beautiful carnations. The first prize, a dainty Shakespeare birthday-book in blue and gold, was given to Miss Helen Cook, who had guessed the next greatest number; and the booby prize which was a quotation-book, on the back of which was gilded "I don't remember but it's all in my note-book," was awarded to Miss Margaret Hardon. After this the Society broke up, feeling that the evening had been truly a pleasant one.

Perhaps this little poem (?) may not be put inappropriately among the College Notes:

The Reporter.

Up the corridor, down the hall,
From cottage to cottage a-flying;
Till it seems as if one step farther would bring
"Dying, dying, dying!"

Note book in this hand, pencil in that:—
"What is the news to-day?
Has nothing happened? nothing at all?
Goodness! what shall I say!"

"Do you know about this? have you heard about that?
Do tell me *whatever* you know,"—
"Ah! you're just the person I wanted to see,
Say, when does Miss So-and-So go?"

Up and down, with never an end,
From rise to set of sun,
You may sweep and get through your domestic work,
But *our* task is never done!

A LITTLE LIGHT UPON THE NORUMBEGA FUND.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED; EXPLANATIONS GIVEN; PLANS PROPOSED.

How much more money must be raised to pay the Norumbega debt? This question meets us so often we desire to put its answer in the Prelude, and with it, an explanation of what the fund is — how the debt arose, and what plans the committee have for future work. We feel that such statements are due to all, for although four years have passed since this work began, there are still comparatively few who have a true conception of it, or regard it with its due inportance.

After the money given for the building of Norumbega Cottage had all been properly expended, it was necessary, in order to furnish the cottage and do the required work upon the grounds, to expend $13,000 (round numbers are used for simplicity). At this time the college was in debt $7000, because the low tuition was not sufficient to meet the running expenses. This made a total debt upon the College of $20,000. The Alumnae, understanding that the payment of the debt on Norumbega was the greatest need of the College, began their efforts to raise money, and at about the same time the trustees started a subscription paper for the payment of the College debt. Their pledges have amounted to $8800, all conditional upon the raising of the whole. Now since the alumnae and the trustees have been trying to raise, the one, a part; the other, the whole of a debt of $20,000; and since the trustees have pleged already $8800, there would remain for the alumnea to raise $11,200. Many of them have worked valiently for the acquisition of this sum, and generous contributions have come in also from students not graduates, but owing to some imperfect understanding of the matter, the fact that a debt is not an inspiring watchword, that the alumnae have been comparatively few in number, and that they as a rule posessed neither wealth nor leisure, the work is not yet completed. There has been raised thus far about $4180. Of this $4000 has already been paid to the treasurer of the College, in accordance with a vote of the Alumnae; and, if any doubts exist as to the urgent need the College feels for this money, they must be dispelled by reading the letter expressing the gratitude of Mrs. Durant, who, as treasurer of the College aknowledges our gift.

At the Alumnae meeting of last June, new hope and courage was given to the veterans by the earnest words of some of the Alumnae, and by the fact that it was voted unanimously to set aside for the present all other Wellesley interests, and to pull together with might and main to reach this goal. The committee have been especially encouraged by the interest and support of the presidents of the youngest graduate classes, and are hoping great results from these classes, which now give their assistance for the first time.

As some definite plan seems almost necessary for future work, it has been thought best by the committee to put the whole matter upon a class basis. The proprotionate sum for each class has been determined and sent to the president of the class, or, as in a few instances only where the president cannot serve, to one of the class officers who acts in her place. The president or her substitute will endeavor to communicate with the different members of the class, and in future it is requested that, in sending contributions, the class be designated to which the same should be credited if there is any choice, otherwise the contribution will go to the general fund, and benefit all alike. Doubtless there may appear to some, objections to this class plan, but we feel that they are neither more numorous nor more serious than could be brought against any system we might adopt, and the need of some definite method was so great the committee felt it must try that which seemed most feasible and most practicable.

For the information of those not familiar with the work done in the past, a few of the most successful business enterprises managed by the girls themselves are added, with their results.

The Kennan Souvenir in Philadelphia, Miss Amelia Hall, '84, chairman, (largest sun yet raised).	$650
Authors Reading and Musicale in Boston, Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, '80, and Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, managers.	$412
Kennan Lecture in Chelsea, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, '83, chairman.	$200
Kennan Lecture in Wellesley, Miss Charlotte Roberts, '80, chairman.	$150
Sale of "The College Beautiful," gift of Katharine Lee Bates, '80.	$250

Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, is constantly sending contributions from a business scheme of her own.

What has been done in the past gives us hints for the future, and we would especially recommend the giving of entertainments, either small or large. This method surely should appeal to those who have not themselves the money to give nor friends from whom to solicit it, for there are comparatively few among us in such circumstances that we cannot try to do something in this way, and when several in the same place or adjoining places can unite, the matter becomes comparatively easy. The chairman of the committee will be glad to answer any questions, to give any suggestions, or to render any assistance possible, and wishes through the medium of these columns to express with heartfelt gratitude her appreciation of the noble manner in which the presidents of the various classes have come forward to undertake this work. Whether one thousand or seven thousand dollars is placed in the treasury at the end of this year, we shall feel that a great work has been done.

The Norumbega fund should appeal to every girl who has ever been an inmate of Wellesley halls, for no one yet ever gave to her alma mater a tithe of what she has herself received. Shall we not then do our best to place in the treasurer's hands as soon as possible, the few thousands remaining, which will make the Norumbega debt a thing of the past ?

HELEN J. SANBORN,
for the Committee.

Central Committee.

Helen J. Sanborn, '84, Treas., 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

Laura Jones, '81, Wellesley College.

Laura Parker, '85, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sub-committee,—Class Presidents '79-'90.

The following is a copy of the letter from Mrs. Durant to which Miss Sanborn refers in the above article:

Wellesley, Mass., June 30, 1890.

Dear Miss Sanborn,—

Please accept my warmest thanks for the noble gift of the Norumbega Association of Wellesley College Alumnae.

I do feel it a most generous action on their part to come thus to the help of their Alma Mater. I assure you I feel personally most grateful for the love that prompts it, and the help they bring, particularly at this time.

If they could coin their labor and wishes into dollars, I am sure they would have multiplied the amount many times. Four thousand dollars is a very large sum when they are seeking also to get a Chapel fund, and to help other good works.

Please express my sincere thanks. With warm regard, Your grateful friend,

PAULINE A. DURANT, Treas.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE University of Pennsylvania is now building a $75,000 theatre, for the use of the students.

The Persian language is taught at Cornell.—*Ex.*

The graduates of Yale number 13,444, one half of whom are living.—*Ex.*

Blaine is the only college graduate in Harrison's cabinet.—*Ex.*

At Harvard, Cornell, Ann Arbor and John Hopkins, attendance at recitations is optional.

Ohio Wesleyan University has made plans for a new university building to cost about $90,000. A chapel with a seating capacity of 1400 will be in the new building.

There are one hundred and sixty-five students at the Harvard Annex: seven Seniors, nine juniors, eleven Sophomores, nineteen Freshmen, one hundred and nineteen Specials.

Mr. Henry W. Sage has added to his already great gifts to Cornell University the sum of $200,00, to be devoted to the purposes of a School of Philosophy. The "Susan E. Linn Sage" foundation of a chair of Christian Ethics and Mental Philosophy is to be merged with the new school, which is to have the same standing in the University as the College of Agriculture, Selby College or any of the other colleges.

—*Cornell Era.*

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

MISS Kate Hitchcock, '85, is in Europe with her brother, studying German.

MISS Clementine C. Bacheler, '80, is teaching in Miss Master's School, at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Miss Cora Stickney, '80, is studying Art at the New England Conservatory in Boston.

Miss Ethel Metcalf, student at the college '87-'88, is teaching at Avery Institute, Charleston, S. C.

Miss Sylvia Foote, ,89, is principal in the College Preparatory department of Miss Crittenden's School for Girls, at Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Josepha V. Sweetzer, '90, is at the Mission Training School in New York City.

Miss Alice U. Miller, student at the College '87-'89, is teaching at Seattle, Washington.

Miss Katherine M. Quint, '89, is teaching at Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Me.

SEVEN members of '84 held a delightful reunion at Northfield, on October twentieth. Miss Hall, Miss Tufts, Miss Connat, Miss Wright and Miss Bigelow dined with Mrs. Hattie Ford Cutler at the Boys' School, and spent the afternoon at the Seminary buildings, where Mrs Helen Jewett Young and her husband joined the party.

MARRIED.

BANES-WRENN — At Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 23, Stella Wrenn, '88, to Warner Johnson Banes.

LEWIS-STEVENS — At Niles, Mich., K. Gertrude Stevens, student at College '81-'84, to William C. Lewis of New York City.

WATERMAN-FOCKENS — At Brooklyn, N. Y., Anna C. Fockens, student at College '86-'87, to Chauncy N. Waterman.

LIVERMORE-WELLS.

The wedding of Arthur Leslie Livermore, Dartmouth '88, of Houston, Texas, and Miss Henrietta Jackson Wells, Wellesley '87, daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. Henry J. Wells of Cambridge, occurred Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Cambridge. There were about three hundred present, including many Wellesley friends of the bride.

As the bride walked up the aisle the organist, Mr. L. P. Whitney, played the "Lohengrin" Wedding-march. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Mr. Perry. Mr. C. J. Merrill of New York, formerly a class-mate of the groom at Dartmouth, acted as best man, and Mary R. Wells, sister of the bride, as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Maude B. and Nancy K. Foster, college friends of the bride.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Little Catherine B. of Chicago had one day done something extremely naughty and her mother told her she must tell God all about it before going to bed. The next morning, the mother said, "Catherine, did you tell God of your naughty actions?" "No" said she, "I decided it would be better not to mention it outside of the family."

The daughter of a learned Boston man was heard to remark to a Wellesley student that she fonnd her *despondent* verbs very confusing.

AN ARTLESS REMARK.

VISITOR: (looking about the Art Building, to member of the Faculty) "Ah! is Miss Martineau in this building?"

MEMBER OF THE FACULTY: "I really do not know, but I think there are but five Freshmen here."

VISITOR: (loftily) "I meant the statue of Harriet Martineau, madam."

Mrs. B——, of Baltimore has recently adopted a child from the Orphans' Home. Before sending her to Sunday-school for the first time, Mrs. B. carefully instructed her in the catechism and laid especial stress on the answer to the question "Who made you?" The child repeated "God made me" but having reached Sunday-school her composure forsook her and when asked the question she replied "Mrs. B. did tell me his name, but I forget it."

There has recently been, in one of Western cities not a little competition between two rival Electric Light companies each company working early and late to be the first to get its poles in. One morning the city company was working *early* an inquisitive maiden-lady opened her window and addressed one of the workmen.

"What are you doing in front of my house?"

"Digging, mum—"

"What are you digging?"

"A hole, mum."

"But what for?"

"A pole, mum."

"What kind of a pole?"

"A pine-pole, mum,"

"But (exasperatedly) what are you doing it for?"

"A dollar and a half a day, mum." The lady withdrew after closing the shutters and the company raised his wages.

MR. BROWN: (to office-boy who has just let fall a ledger which he had been carrying on his head) "What ridiculous nonsense is this, sir?"

OFFICE-BOY: "I was merely balancing the books, sir."

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Bower, Course of Practical Instruction in Botany.
Collignon, Manual of Mythology; tr. by J. E. Harrison.
Flint, Vico.
Ladd, Introduction to Philosophy.
Marshall, Principles of Economics.
Schurman, Belief in God.
Arblay, Fanny Burney and her Friends.
Symonds, Essays, 2 v.
Pausanias, Mythology of Ancient Athens; tr. of the "Attica" by M. G. Varrall.
Hackel, True Grasses.
Nichol, Bacon.
Treat, Injurious Insects of Farm and Garden.
Vogué, Russian Novelists.
Walters, In Tennyson Land.

THE VERY LATEST IN CALLING CARDS, STAMPING AND ENGRAVING.

A WONDER!!
5 QUIRES PAPER,
100 ENVELOPES.
Fine Thick Linen Paper,
Stylish Size in Nice Box
49 CENTS.
(Regular Price $1.25.)
Over 8,000 Boxes of this wonder sold.

Don't fail to send stamp or call for the new Sample set of Bargains in Fine Papers, which has many Novelties that are just out. Please notice that I have removed to 94 BOYLSTON ST., where I have opened an entirely New Stock. Everything brand new.

A MODEL STATIONERY STORE.
Writing Papers, Envelopes, Largest Line, Latest Styles, Popular Prices, by the Pound; Xmas Cards, Calendars, Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, Etc.
GEO. B. KING,
cessor to 94 BOYLSTON STREET,
KING & SALMON, formerly 37 WEST ST., BOSTON.
A Liberal Discount Allowed Students on Presentation of this Advertisement.

The Churchill (Improved) Boot,
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD ONLY BY
F. S. CHURCHILL,
Formerly 25 Winter Street, now at
129 TREMONT ST., Corner WINTER,
Next Door to W. D. WHITNEY & CO.,
BOSTON.

THIS Boot is made in Button or Lace on correct principles, from a study of the anatomy of the foot, and is unsurpassed for comfort and durability. It fits the most difficult foot, prevents or cures tender joints or corns by removing pressure, and is comfortable the first time worn. Ladies who have difficulty in procuring comfortable boots or shoes, are invited to call and leave measure.
1-18 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

en

NEW YORK $3 For first-class Limited Tickets.
FARES REDUCED.
FALL RIVER LINE.
Express trains connecting with steamer at Fall River in 80 minutes. Leave Boston from Park Square Station week days at 6 P. M. Sundays at 7 P. M.
Steamers PURITAN and PILGRIM in commission. Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year.
Tickets, staterooms, &c., secured at the line office, No. 3, Old State House, and Park Square Station, Park Square.
J. R. KENDRICK, Gen. Man. GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen. Pas. Agt.
L. H. PALMER, Agent, 3 Old State House.

Young ladies will find it to their advantage to call at
A. V. Doyles Millinery Parlors,
165 Tremont St., Hasting Bl'd'g,
Rooms 16 and 17,
For the latest Parisian Millinery. Particular attention given to out of town orders. 3-36

N. C. WHITAKER & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
FINE
Tortoise Shell and Horn Goods,
363 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
Special attention given to making goods to order for custumers, including Lognettes, Combs, Hairpins, Fancy Hair Ornaments and every variety of Tortoise Shell Work. 3—6w

To Patrons and those who would become Patrons of
MISS A. L. PIERCE, Milliner,
13 MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.
Special attention paid to order work. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. 3-12

S. C. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN
Luscomb and Artist Banjos,
WASHBURN GUITARS, MANDOLINS,
Zithers, Autoharps, Violins, etc.
GENERAL LINE OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
Best selected Banjo, Violin and Guitar Strings (by mail), 50 cts. per set. Russian Gut Violin E Strings, 25 cts. per string.
578 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON. 3 36

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
432 Washington St Boston
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE.
Agents for the celebrated Gorham Plated Ware
Choicest stock of Brica Brac, Umbrellas, Parasols, Etc.
THE LATEST IDEAS IN FINE STATIONERY.
Autographs, Crests, Cyphers and Addresses Engraved and Stamped. Calling Cards and Invitations of the Correct Style. 3-25

Partridge's
WELLESLEY STUDIO
IS NOW OPEN
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
5-36 of each Week Special Discount to Students.

HOMER,
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER
48 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.
Formerly operator for the late E. F. RITZ on Temple Place. Special rates for Students at Wellesley College.

J. O. BAILEY & CO,
Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry,
507 Washington St., - BOSTON.
Watch Repairing. Jewelry Repairing.

BOSTON DRESS CUTTING COLLEGE,
WHERE A PERFECT WORK IS TAUGHT ON CUTTING.
Dressmaking department in connection with the College where we shall be pleased to demonstrate our work to the pupils connected with the Wellesley College.
HARRIET A. BROWN, Principal.
4-36 181 TREMONT ST.

T. E. MOSELEY & CO.,
469 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,
DEALERS IN
BOOTS AND SHOES.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR
YOUNG LADIES.
Discount to all Students of Wellesley College.
30-y

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY.
128 2nd Avenue New York.
Session 90-91 will open October 1, 1890. Three years' Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations, and practical work under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in N. Y. Infirmary.
Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to women students.
For catalogues, etc., address
EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D., *Dean*,
35-36t 321 East 15th Street, New York.